
BATMAN
No. 135
MAY
Ten Cents
A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION
DC
Detective COMICS
A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE
BATMAN and ROBIN CONFRONT DEADLY DANGER in "THE TRUE STORY of FRANKENSTEIN"

Editorial Advisory Board

A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION DC

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BATMAN
WITH
ROBIN
- THE BOY WONDER -
BY
BOB KANE
THE STORY OF FRANKENSTEIN, THE SCIENTIST WHO CREATED A MONSTER HAS THRILLED THE WORLD FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY! BUT THERE'S MORE TO IT STILL! READ THE TERRIFYING CHRONICLE OF THIS MINDLESS CREATURE FORMED IN A WEIRD LABORATORY! LEARN THE MOST ASTOUNDING SECRET OF ALL TIME AS BATMAN AND ROBIN CONFRONT THE DEADLY DANGERS BEHIND ...
"The TRUE STORY of FRANKENSTEIN!"

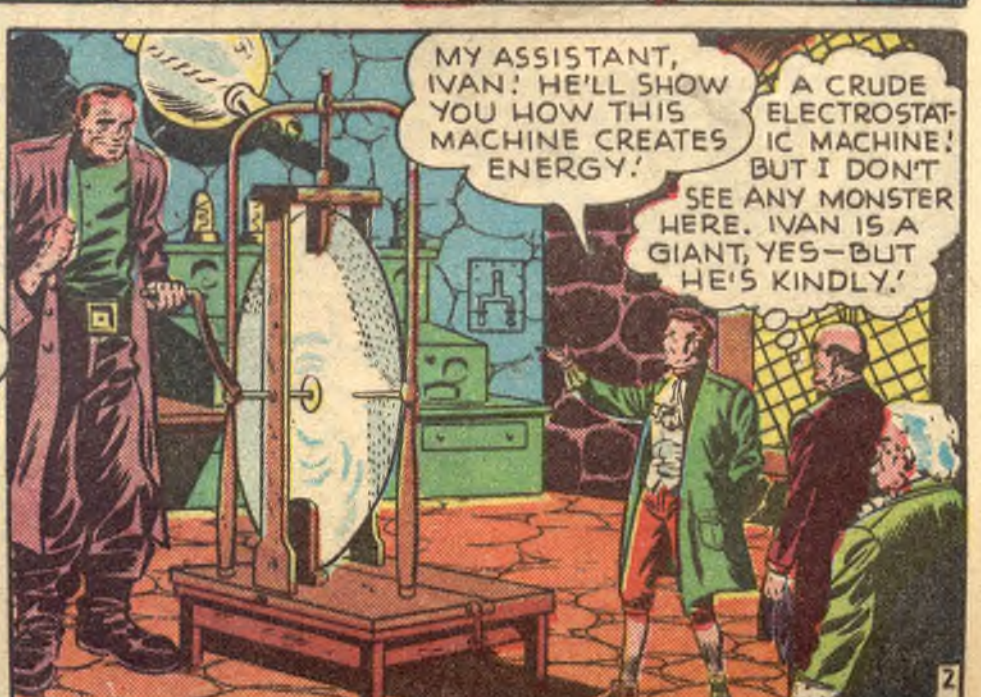

ALONE IN HIS STUDY, PROFESSOR CARTER NICHOLS, GOTHAM CITY SCIENTIST, PONDERS OVER A TIME-WORN DOCUMENT...
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT.' THIS OLD DOCUMENT CLAIMS THAT THE STORY OF FRANKENSTEIN, THE SCIENTIST WHO CREATED A MONSTER, IS REALLY TRUE.'


THERE'S ONE SURE WAY OF SATISFYING MY CURIOSITY. I'LL USE MY POWERS OF TIME-HYPNOSIS AND SEND MYSELF INTO THE PAST.'


PRESENTLY, PROF. NICHOLS GAZES AT HIS IMAGE IN A MIRROR...
...BACK TO THE PAST, BACK TO EUROPE A HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO—


...AND IS WHIRLED BACK THROUGH TIME TO THE CENTRAL EUROPE OF A CENTURY AND A HALF AGO!
YES, THAT'S YOUNG BARON FRANKENSTEIN'S ANCESTRAL CASTLE. STAY AWAY.' HE CALLS HIMSELF A-A SCIENTIST.'
HMM... SO FRANKENSTEIN REALLY LIVES! I MUST SEE HIM.'


SOON, ANNOUNCING HIMSELF AS A SCIENTIST FROM A DISTANT LAND...
I'M BARON FRANKENSTEIN AND THIS IS MY COUSIN, COUNT METTERN. IF YOU'RE A FELLOW SCIENTIST, WELCOME.'
MAY I SEE YOUR EXPERIMENTS?


MY ASSISTANT, IVAN! HE'LL SHOW YOU HOW THIS MACHINE CREATES ENERGY.'
A CRUDE ELECTROSTATIC MACHINE! BUT I DON'T SEE ANY MONSTER HERE. IVAN IS A GIANT, YES—BUT HE'S KINDLY.'


BUT SUDDENLY AN ELECTRIC SHOCK HITS IVAN!
LOOK OUT, IVAN! YOU'VE BUILT UP TOO DANGEROUS A CHARGE!
1


HE'S NOT DEAD—ONLY IN A COMA! ADRENALIN WILL REVIVE HIM, IF I CAN MAKE SOME QUICKLY ENOUGH!
ADRENALIN? I NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A DRUG!
2


SOON, AFTER SWIFT PREPARATION OF THE POWERFUL MODERN STIMULANT...
YOUR STRANGE DRUG HAS BROUGHT HIM TO! HE'S ALIVE! BUT LOOK AT HIS FACE NOW! LOOK!
3


GO TO YOUR ROOM AND REST, IVAN!
YOU SEE, HE'LL OBEY ANY ORDERS IN HIS PRESENT DAZED CONDITION!
SO IVAN WILL NOW OBEY ANY ORDERS? HMM. I SEE A CHANCE TO DISPOSE OF MY COUSIN FRANKENSTEIN AND INHERIT HIS ESTATES!
5


HIS MIND IS GONE!
ADRENALIN SHOCK HAS DONE THAT! MORE TREATMENT LATER WILL BRING HIS MIND BACK!
4


THAT NIGHT...
IVAN, YOU WILL GO NOW AND KILL BARON FRANKENSTEIN! THEN GO TO MY OWN MANSION AND AWAIT FURTHER ORDERS!
6

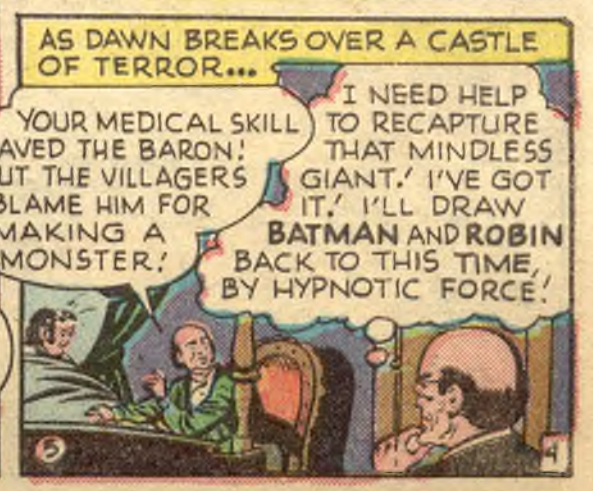

THROUGH THE GLOOMY, TORCHLIT CASTLE STALKS THE MINDLESS GIANT, BENT ON HIS MISSION OF DOOM!...


IT'S IVAN! HE'S KILLING FRANKENSTEIN!
STOP HIM!

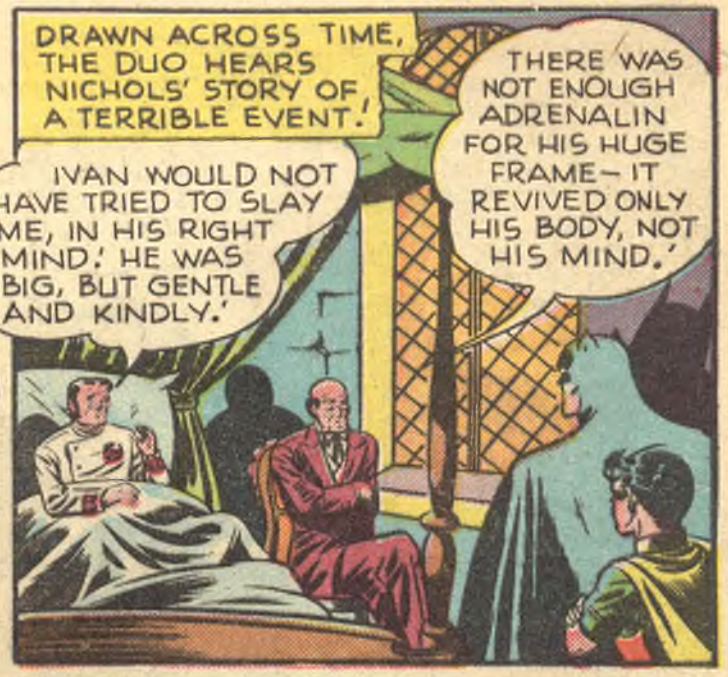

BUT THE HUGE CREATURE TOSSES THE SERVANTS ASIDE LIKE STRAWS!
WE CAN'T STOP HIM! HE'S TOO STRONG!
THE ADRENALIN SEEMS TO HAVE GIVEN HIM UNHUMAN STRENGTH! LUCKILY, HE DID NOT SUCCEED IN KILLING THE BARON! HE'S UNCONSCIOUS- BUT STILL ALIVE!


PRESENTLY, THE MINDLESS GIANT STRIDES DESTRUCTIVELY OUT THROUGH THE NEARBY VILLAGE!
IT'S A MONSTER, NOT A MAN! IT CAME FROM THE BARON'S CASTLE!


FRANKENSTEIN'S SCIENCE HAS CREATED THIS MONSTER TO DESTROY US!


AS DAWN BREAKS OVER A CASTLE OF TERROR...
YOUR MEDICAL SKILL SAVED THE BARON! BUT THE VILLAGERS BLAME HIM FOR MAKING A MONSTER!
I NEED HELP TO RECAPTURE THAT MINDLESS GIANT! I'VE GOT IT! I'LL DRAW BATMAN AND ROBIN BACK TO THIS TIME, BY HYPNOTIC FORCE!


PRESENTLY, PROF. NICHOLS PROJECTS HIS WEIRD POWERS OF HYPNOSIS ACROSS THE YEARS...
COME BACK, BATMAN AND ROBIN—WHEREVER YOU ARE—BACK INTO THE PAST.'
ROBIN, I FEEL—A STRANGE SUMMONS—CAN'T RESIST—
ME—TOO, BATMAN...


DRAWN ACROSS TIME, THE DUO HEARS NICHOLS' STORY OF A TERRIBLE EVENT.'
IVAN WOULD NOT HAVE TRIED TO SLAY ME, IN HIS RIGHT MIND.' HE WAS BIG, BUT GENTLE AND KINDLY.'
THERE WAS NOT ENOUGH ADRENALIN FOR HIS HUGE FRAME—IT REVIVED ONLY HIS BODY, NOT HIS MIND.'


THEN MORE OF THIS ADRENALIN WOULD REVIVE HIS MIND, TOO.' IF WE CAN FIND HIM QUICKLY—
BARON.' THE MONSTER HAS KILLED AGAIN.' DIRK, THE FORESTER, HAS JUST BEEN FOUND DEAD.'


SOON, IN THE DARK FOREST THAT SLOPES UP FROM THE VILLAGE—
THIS FORESTER MUST HAVE GOT INTO HIS PATH AND BEEN CRUSHED BY HIM.'
LOOK, EVEN THE TREES WERE SNAPPED BY THIS CREATURE'S STRENGTH.'


IVAN, IN HIS MINDLESS CONDITION, WOULD GO STRAIGHT TOWARD HIS GOAL.' BY PROJECTING A LINE FROM THE CASTLE STRAIGHT AHEAD...
I GET IT.' SUCH A LINE WILL SHOW US WHERE HE WAS HEADING.'


SOON...
THIS MUST BE THE MANSION OF FRANKENSTEIN'S COUSIN, COUNT METTERN.'
IVAN MUST HAVE GONE IN THERE TO KILL HIM TOO.' WE'D BETTER HURRY.'


THE MONSTER HERE? THEN I'M IN DEADLY PERIL!
HE COULDN'T HAVE COME IN THIS WAY WITHOUT BEING SEEN! IS THERE ANOTHER WAY IN?


WE'D BETTER MAKE SURE HE DIDN'T ENTER THAT WAY!
YES, THERE'S AN UNDERGROUND PASSAGE FROM OUTSIDE! THIS IS THE DOOR TO THE PASSAGE!


BUT AS COUNT METTERN FLINGS OPEN THE DOOR, HIS CUNNING TRAP IS REVEALED!
KILL THEM, IVAN! I COMMAND YOU!
THE MONSTER!


BATMAN, STAY BACK!
IF I CAN OVERPOWER HIM AND ADMINISTER MORE ADRENALIN, PERHAPS I CAN REVIVE HIS MIND...


BUT WITH ONE SWOOP, THE MAN-MONSTER GRABS THE BOY WONDER...
NO TIME FOR THE DRUG NOW—I'LL USE THIS CANDLE TO MAKE HIM RELEASE ROBIN BEFORE HE KILLS HIM!


SEIZE HIM, IVAN—THE FLAME WON'T HURT YOU!
I SAVED ROBIN FROM HIM, BUT—


SMITTEN BY THE CRAZED GIANT'S WHIRLING ARMS, BATMAN PAYS THE PRICE FOR HIS RESCUE!
THAT'S ENOUGH, IVAN! HE'S UNCONSCIOUS NOW, AND I HAVE THE BRAT TIED UP!
SO YOU ARE BEHIND THIS "MONSTER'S" CRIMES!


THIS IS THE STRANGER-SCIENTIST'S DRUG! IT MADE IVAN A SOULLESS SLAVE—IF I USE IT TO REVIVE THIS MAN, I'LL HAVE TWO SLAVES!
YOU WOULDN'T DARE DO THAT!


PRESENTLY, AFTER THE VILLAINOUS COUNT HAS ADMINISTERED THE ADRENALIN TO BATMAN...
THE DRUG WILL SOON REVIVE HIM—AS ANOTHER MONSTER! HE CAN HELP IVAN FINISH OFF MY COUSIN!
NO, IT WON'T WORK ON BATMAN! I KNOW IT WON'T!


SECONDS LATER, AS THE STRANGE DRUG COURSES THROUGH BATMAN'S BODY...
THE DRUG HAS REVIVED HIM!
BUT IT CAN'T HAVE MADE HIM A MINDLESS MONSTER TOO! BATMAN, TURN AROUND! TURN—


AND AS THE FAMED CRIME-FIGHTER TURNS, ROBIN BEHOLDS A BATMAN WITH GLAZED EYES AND SAGGING FACE...
BATMAN, NO, NO! IT CAN'T BE!
NOW I HAVE TWO SLAVES! AND LATER I'LL DO THE SAME WITH YOU, BRAT!


BATMAN, GO WRECK THE VILLAGE! IT WILL DRAW THE VILLAGERS AWAY FROM THE CASTLE, SO IVAN CAN GO THERE TO FINISH OFF FRANKENSTEIN!
BATMAN, DON'T DO IT! YOU MUST LISTEN!


BUT UNHEEDING, A MINDLESS-FACED FIGURE THAT ONCE WAS BATMAN STALKS AWAY ON A DREADFUL ERRAND!


SOON, AS NIGHT AND GATHERING STORM CLOSE DOWN UPON THE VILLAGE...
WHAT IS IT?
SOMETHING AWFUL UP THERE! LOOK!


AS LIGHTNING FLARES ACROSS THE SKY, A GRIM AWESOME FIGURE STANDS REVEALED...


STALKING DOWN INTO THE TERROR-STRICKEN VILLAGE-
KILL HIM, BEFORE HE KILLS US ALL!
LOOKS LIKE A GIANT BAT! FRANKENSTEIN HAS CREATED ANOTHER MONSTER!


SO OUR BULLETS
THESE MONSTERS ARE MORE VULNERABLE!


WHILE BATMAN LEADS THE WELLMEN DISTRACTED THE GANG TO THE CAPITOL SCHOOL CAVE, ROBIN REMAINS ALONE, FAR.


BOUND AND WRACKED WITH PAIN AND HORROR, ROBIN THINKS OF A DESPERATE PLAN!
I'VE GOT TO GET FREE TO WARN REMARKABLE AND THEN FIND BATMAN THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY!


NOW IF I CAN SQUEEZE MYSELF UNDERNEATH!


THE SHARP EDGE OF THIS STREAM WILL CUT MY BONDS, AND I'LL BE AT LAST! BUT TIME IS RUNNING OUT—


THERE'S ONLY ONE SHORT CUT THAT WILL GET ME TO THE CAPITOL AND THOSE SILK HANDKERCHIEFS WILL HELP!


IT'S A LONG JUMP DOWN TO THE CASTLE ON THIS PARACHUTE I MADE FROM THE BLACK HANDKERCHIEF I WORE ON MY


TOO LATE! MAN DUST HERE AHEAD OF ME!


LOOK OUT! GOMBINSKI! THE MONSTER'S COMING AFTER YOU!


BATMAN, YOU CAME HERE ALONE! I'M MAD YET AS TEAL! BUT YOU


BATMAN!

IT'S OUT NOW! I'M THOUGHTS THE ELECTRICITY CHARGE AND THE DICK THING


HEY, BOBBY! I WAS JUST THE ADMIRALTY DON'T INTERFERE WITH US ON THIS! BEFORE I WAS BACK AND NOT WELCOMED AS WE HAVE! I HAVE A CHAMPION! ANYONE THAT'S BOUND IN THE CASTLE UNDER MY CARE!
DON'T YOU MEN THINK YOU'RE MINGLE TO FOOL WITTERS?
THAT'S THE I'LL GIVE YOU! THROW ALL THAT TO GIVE HIS HAND AS WELL AS HIS FOOT!


AS THE GIANT RECOVERS HIS BALANCE—
I MURDERED AND DESTROYED WITHOUT KNOWING WHY! DID I COUNT WITTERS MADE ME DO IT!
THE VILLAGERS ARE COMING TO ATTACK THE CASTLE! THEY'RE FOLLOWED BY FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER!


CRACK TO FRANKENSTEIN AND HIS MONSTER!
YOU'LL FRANKENSTEIN AND HIS MONSTER!


BUT AS THE PEOPLE, APPROACHING FROM THE AIRPORT'S OUT—
YOU ARE THE GUILTY ONE, WITTERS, AND YOU'LL BE OBLIGED TO PAY FOR YOUR CRIME WITH ME!
HOW DO!
LOOK OUT THE MONSTER!


THIS IS MY FRIENDS / OUT OF MY WAY, STRANGER!
I DON'T WANT TO


GET OUT OF THE CASTLE, ALL OF YOU!
IT'S DESTROYED METTERNICH'S LIVES AND LOCKED THE DOOR!
IT'S MY STORE-ROOM FOR CHEMICALS!


SAVED FRANKENSTEIN-HUNTS! BUT IF IT WAS HIS MONSTER—
IT WAS NO MONSTER BUT A CRAZED MAN WHOM METTERNICH DROVE TO CRIME! GET BACK, EVERYBODY!


BOOM!
SO THAT'S THE END OF FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER—WHO WAS REALLY AN INNOCENT MAN!
I'VE DESTROYED MY CHEMICALS TO KEEP METTERNICH AND MYSELF!


SOON TO BE THE SECOND WOMAN WHITEY ATTACKED BY THE TERRIBLE CHEE...
IT WOULDN'T BE BELIEVED! I'LL HAVE TO WRITE (TAB FICTION)!
YOU WANTED TO KNOW THE STORY OF WHAT HAPPENED—WELL, THAT'S IT!


LATER, AFTER RETURNING TO HIS OWN PRESENT-DAY TIME...
BUT WE WHO ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO KNOW THE TRUE STORY OF FRANKENSTEIN!
AND THIS IS THE MYSTERY STORY OF FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER!


TELLS TIME BY THE SUN
PLASTIC DIAL GLOWS IN DARK
MAGNETIC COMPASS
TAN AND GOLDEN COLOR
METAL MIRROR FOR SIGNALING
NATURAL SIZE TRADEMARKED
EXCITING! DIFFERENT!
YOURS! EXPLORER'S SUN WATCH!
ONLY 15¢ WITH WHEATIES
TELLS TIME (NOW!)
FLASHES SIGNALS!
ORDER YOURS TODAY!


Adventures of
SAM SPADE

AIR WAVE


THE DAYS WORK THUS FOR DO-NOT ATTORNEY LARRY JORDAN — AND JUST BEGINS FOR HIS STRANGE SELF — AIR WAVE!
I'VE ONLY SOME MORE ADJUSTMENTS TO DO, STATIC — YOU CAN KEEP ME COMPANY.
THIS CONSTANT FLUSH A TUBE IN THE ARMOR
A Friend to the Wise Finds Fields Unlimited in Lucky Fortune
STOP AWAY, STATIC — THE VOLTAGE YOU NEED THROUGH THAT APPARATUS IS HIGH!
DONE! PUT ALL YOURSELVES IN THE DOG HOUSE SOME AWAY!
IN FINAL COLLEGE PANEL — HE WAS COLLEGE PLAY — IT WOULDN'T BE OFFENSE AIR WAVE! ANY MORE THAN HE IS MUCH STATIC. HE PROVED HIMSELF LIKE DARROW WALLS SENSE! BUT AS HE THREATENED OFFENSE, NEW ONE OF THE LIGHT CAR, EACH STRANGE THE FOOL WALLS TOGETHER AND THE WEAKEST OF THE FIELD WALLS DOWN! NOW IT WALLS HIS PET NEED BROADCASTS...
UNSCRAMBLED PROVERBS!


SUDDENLY...
EEEEEK!
DON'T! ARE YOU! (HURT)
SSS
FWOOP


STILL WATERS RUN DEEP!
WELL! I'D SWORE THAT PROPERS CONNECTION


DON'T COUNT YOUR CHICKENS TILL THEY'RE HATCHED. A GETAWAY LOOK AT A SHELL LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCK-SMITHS.
HE GOT THOSE RIGHT, TOO!


PEGGY WISE AND YOUNG PEOPLE... ARRIVE.
THAT BLOCK LAUNCHED HIS MISSILE SAFE! DOWN HIS FOOLHARDY FOES RETURNED HIS ANY MORE!


YES, IT'S A DATED PAROUT THAT FLIPS OUT AND TOP WOOL... AND COMES TO REST...
I'LL SHOW YOU HOW THIS GAME IS PLAYED. DON'T... HUH. WHAT'S THIS?


THE FEATHERS WAS THE DISGUISE U A FOOL AND US MONEY ARE SOON PAIDTO: AARGH!
IT'S A FAMOUS MAGIC PARROT. SAFE IN... HE'S SAVING PEOPLE!


A HUNDRED? THAT'S CHICKEN FEED, SHORTY...


YEAH, BUT SUPPOSE WE JUST USE HIM TO GET US INTO A RADIO STUDIO... WHAT'S TO STOP US FROM PICKING UP SOME CASH FROM THE BIG SHOTS THERE?


ROOT, CHUMS!
HOLD UP THIS STORY IS FOR PROFESSIONALS ONLY!!


AND HERE'S THE DIAMONDS —WE'LL LIVE CHAMPS!
NO USE CRYING OVER SPILLED MILK, MATE!


THUS PERISHED THE DRASTIC ATTEMPT OF THE "QUEEN OF THE CROOKS" TO RULE THE CITY!
YOU'LL GAIN FROM LITTLE ACCIDENTS GROW!
SOME DEK LUCK, POLICE? YUK, YUK, YUK!


I DON'T KNOW HOW HE GOT ON MY TRACK BUT I'LL DOUBLE TO FIND OUT!


I HOPE I REACH THE STATION BEFORE HE LEAVES!


BUT AS THE WIZARD OF WIRELESS RACES ALONG...
A DIAMOND-STUDDED WRENCH! NOT BAD FOR A FIFTH VICE PRESIDENT!
THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! I'LL HAVE YOUR BOSS BARRED FROM RADIO!


COME ON, BOND — MAYBE WE CAN PICK UP THE TRACK OF A MAGIC BAND!
CAN'T GET INTO THIS STUDIO NOW... WONDER WHAT THAT COULD BE ABOUT A MEGAPHONE OF ANY?


SOMEONE'S COMING! GET NOW! I'LL DUCK INTO THIS ROOM.


WHAT A TRAIL.
THUGS? OH, RADIO WAVE THEFTS INTERFERE IN THE OLD MAGIC SHOW.


SECONDS LATER, THE MAGICIAN OF RADIO MADE A FLYING ENTRANCE...
HOW'S THAT FOR A MODEL PLANE ENTRANCE?
AIR MAIL!


I GET A DOUBLE KICK OUT OF THIS!
SOWW...!

SLAM BRADLEY


THEN THE LAUGHING GAS TAKES EFFECT AND...
HAHAHA HA HA!
HO HO HO HO HO!
OKAY, FELLAS! THEY'RE HELPLESS! GET THE DOOR!
HA HA HA HA HA!


BOY, DIZ NEW LAUGHING GAS WAS DANDY! TIM OUT PAST!
YEAH - BUT WE GOTTA GRAB ELOISE AND JUST PUT HER OUTSIDE AFTER WE LEAVE!


LATER, SLAM BRADLEY AND HIS PARTNER, PINKY MORGAN, VISIT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...
NOW WHAT WOULD A COUPLE OF PRIVATE DETECTIVES BE WANTING HERE?
NOTHING, DILEY. WE'RE (SNIFF SNIFF) WITH THE CRIMINAL CONVERTERS THIS TIME!


BUT I'M BUSS AFFF...
DON'T WORRY! WE WILL!
HERE YOU CATCH THE CROOKS BUSY WHOEVER THEY ARE!


NOW, BLAME! WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL DILEY THAT MICKY MILLER PULLED THAT JOB?
WE NEED PROOF! WE KNOW THAT MICKY WAS LAUGHING GAS, BUT WE CAN'T PROVE IT! BESIDES...


...IF WE CATCH MICKY, WE COLLECT THE REWARD THAT THE BANK IS OFFERING!
THAT'S DIFFERENT!

CONTINUED ON THREE PAGE FOLLOWING!

ADVERTISEMENT

Win a 1948 Monark SUPER DE LUXE BICYCLE

Win This Bicycle!

Note these SAFE-T Features of the MONARK Super Deluxe Bicycle

- Airplane Type Headlight. Gleaming chrome finish, red and green SAFE-T lenses — road focus light beam — button switch.
- Airline Style Drive Assembly. Exclusive extra long streamlined style — snag and splatter proof design.
- Auto Type Rear Reflector. Extra large SAFE-T tested.

Also Built-in aura type tank horn, double spring front fork, SAFE-T tread balloon tires — chrome rims and spokes.

Insured for one year against fire and theft

$57.50 RETAIL PRICE

500 TO BE GIVEN AWAY!

Come on, Boys & Girls, Enter Now!

TO WIN A BIKE, TELL US—

WHY I LIKE ICE CREAM IN SAFE-T CONES & CUPS

1. Contest open to all except employees and families of employees both of the SAFE-T Cone Co. and its advertising agency. Contestant can send in as many entries as he wishes. Additional contest entry blanks can be obtained from SAFE-T Cone dealers.
2. Finish "Why I Like Ice Cream in SAFE-T Cones and Cups," in 15 words or less and mail entry to the SAFE-T Cone Co., P. O. Box 7105, Chicago 11.
3. 500 Monark Super De Luxe Bicycles will be given to 500 contest entries who in the decision of the judges give the best reasons.
4. Entries will be judged for originality, advertising value and aptness of thought. Decision of the judges will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties.
5. Entries, contents, and ideas therein become the property of the SAFE-T Cone Company and may be used or not used as seen fit. No entries will be returned. No correspondence regarding entries will be engaged in.
6. Contest will close at midnight June 30th, 1948. Winners will be notified by mail before July 31st, 1948.

Ice Cream in SAFE-T Cones is a delicious combination of cake and ice cream. SAFE-T Cones are made with a secret Honey-Cake recipe that has plenty of sugar, milk and honey to make them extra good, and are pressure baked to a delicious golden brown goodness.

SAFE-T Cones exclusive design makes them SAFE from spilling and breaking that is why they are called SAFE-T Cones.

Ice cream is a delicious, nourishing dairy food that contains many vital vitamins and minerals. There is no better combination for enjoyment than ice cream in SAFE-T Cones refreshing, tasty and healthful.

★ CONTEST ENTRY BLANK

SEND TO: SAFE-T CONE CO., P.O. BOX 7105, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

I want to win one of the Monark Super De Luxe Bicycles,
I like Ice Cream in Safe-T Cones and Cups because

_____

_____

_____

(Finish in 15 words or less)

PARENTS ARE PERMITTED TO HELP YOU WRITE YOUR CONTEST ENTRY AND HELP YOU WIN A PRIZE.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ CITY AND STATE _____

SCHOOL _____ AGE _____

I BUY MY SAFE-T CONES AND CUPS AT _____ STORE

ADDRESS _____ HE SERVES _____

(name of ice cream)

Look for the name SAFE-T on every cone and cup you buy!

This is the box and sanitary dispenser from which cones are served in the store

SAFE-T CONE CO., CHICAGO 16, ILL.


FIRST, SHORTY! WHOLE FLOOR! GO ON UP!
CHEEP! CHEEP!


CHEEP!
THIS IS MY LEG'S BOOKY! USE THEM!


I DON'T LOOK! PLEASE! HOPE THEM CONELLIES DON'T COME BUCKIN' IN NOW!


CANDY! I MIGHT AS WELL GET SOMETHING OUTA THIS TRIP!
AFFY


DYNAMITE GUNS GRUNTS! THE TEAM'S HAVING ANOTHER! I CAN'T TALK!
GUUN! I'M UP! WHAT DO I DO NOW? BETTER GET BACK TO SLEEP!


THEN... MILLIONS MONSTERS DETONATE!
LOOK, BOSS, AN AFFE!


CLOSE THE WINDOW! DON'T LET THAT MONK GET OUT WITH THAT MASK!
WOTTA SPOT! I MUST ACT LIKE A CHUMP NOW!


AIN'T LIFE SATISFACTORY, LIL?
AH HAH! AH GOT LOUIE! NOT A MONK! HE'LL MAKE A NICE MASCOT!


LET'S TURN BACKWARD FROM ELIOTT'S PRECARIOUS SITUATION TO THE CRIMP WHO'S A REAL CHIMP HAS ESCAPED—
HIS BOSS, CHEEPO'S BEAND, I'M RUINED! RUINED!
BAAA, MR. OLD! WE'LL FIND CHEEPO FOR YOU!


MEANWHILE, IN AN WALTER SUPPORTENTLY...
OUT IN ELIOTT! MONTY AND HIS BOYS JUST WENT UNDERGROUND! YOU GUYS GOT JUST IN THE NICK!
CHEEP CHEEP!


DO YOU GET ANYTHING ON MILLER AND WARDS YOUR SHADOW?
CHEEP CHEEP!


CHEEP CHEEP!
AND QUIT CHEEPING ME! TALK UP PROPERLY! (SIGH!) A REAL CHIMP!


THEN SHORTY JR. SPILLS UP PLENTY WITH THOSE DIAMONDS!
CHEEP!
LOOK


BACK TO SHORTY...
HA HA! WOTTA MONEY!


SHORTY! WHERE'S YOU?
DON'T ITS SLAM BRADLEY! THE CLUTCHER
GET UP!
DRAGGING!


BRADLEY DON'T GET OUT ALIVE, SEE!
WOW!


CHEEP! HAS FOUND A FRIEND!
CHEEP! CHEEP!
HEY! CONFOUND THIS TAPPING! CAN'T TALK!


MEANWHILE BACK BELOW...
WHOOP
YOU OFFICER ON THE FLOOR ABOVE CAN'T HELP OF MURDER!
YOU'LL SEND A DEAD TOUGH OVER, LADY!


BUT WHEN THE LAW ARRIVES, ALL IS QUIET ON THE SECOND FLOOR....
STICK 'EM UP, MUSKY!
I'LL GO TO JAIL BEFORE I'LL SEE COPS IN MY LIFE! MY HEAD IS REELING LIKE A GYROSCOPE!


SOCIETY? SAY, OFFICER, WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE TWO CHEMPS?
WHY, THE BOYS FOUND THEM IN THE DAILY LAIR, BRADLEY — AND TOOK THEM RIGHT TO THE CIRCUS!


TO THE CIRCUS! LET ME OUT OF HERE — GOOD FOR NOTHIN' STUFF!


AT THE CIRCUS...
DEN, MR. DUDA CHEEPO IS BACK WITH US!
BUT—BUT WHICH IS CHEEPO?
CHEEP!
WHY'S SUE CRYING?


THEN, SLAM ARRIVES...
SO I'LL TELL YOU ONE OF MANY WONDERS I MADE. I MEAN ONE DAY A MONKEY JUMPED CLEAN OUT OF MY PACKING!
YOU'RE NUTTY, MISTER!


WHY'D YOU PULL ME?
I'LL PAY YOU FOR MY CHUMP!


MUCH LATER...
THANKS FOR GETTING THAT TAFFY OUTTA MY MOUTH—AND FOR GETTING ME OUTTA THAT CAGE! ACTOR? PHOOEY!
NEXT WEEK WE MADE OF THAT JOB. I SPENT THE WHOLE WEEKEND TO BUY YOU BACK FROM THE CIRCUS!


DO YOU LIKE DUPLICITY WITH ACTION?
YOU'LL FIND IT IN THE ZANY ANTICS of DOC FARRY in ALL TRUTH COMICS!

ADVENTURES of "R.C." and QUICKIE

WEATHERPROOF

BY JOHN POLLARD

JOE SCANLON was a very careful man and he had planned the murder of Mr. Blaine Smith methodically and coldly.

Twilight was the night, and when the town clock struck eleven, Scanlon would be on his way through the cold winter night to put a neat end to the old man, thus gratifying his hate and protecting himself at the same time.

Two years before, Joe Scanlon had been a petty criminal in Seattle. His crimes started as pocket picking, and small graft deals with local politicians. But Joe was ambitious and had a quick tongue and played everything from the angles. So when he killed a man in a bar fight, a cold deliberate murder, there were enough witnesses to swear that it had been self-defense on Joe's part, and he was acquitted by a surprised jury.

There had been a girl out there too, and the girl was Blaine Smith's daughter. Joe was smart enough to know that if he could marry her, his political ambitions would be realized. But he wasn't smart enough to know that Blaine Smith, one of the few honest lawyers in the town, knew his record from the beginning, and threatened to bring him up before the grand jury if he didn't leave town.

So he left the scene of his ambitious beginnings and got a job in a resort town in upper New York state as a sort of introduction to New York itself. You couldn't hit the big town without plenty of cash and a good front.

Joe moved into Chesville and started over again in the same slick way. He joined a few of the town's organizations and gained for himself a reputation for being a good talker, a man who would get things done, with a promising interest in civic affairs in the town. The jaunty employees of the town's departments weren't averse to accepting small favors from Joe. He was spending his small capital very cleverly—it would pay dividends in the end.

Chesville was one of the small towns near Lake Placid and specialized in taking over the tubercular patients who were discharged from nearby sanitariums but who had to continue to be under medical care.

Two weeks before the night on which Joe Scanlon was planning his perfect crime, a small house on the outskirts of the town was being prepared for its new occupant, an elderly man who came to live there alone after his discharge from the hospital in Placid.

At the weekly town meeting, the list of new arrivals was read off. This had been one of Joe's ideas. As he so ably put it, the patients who moved into Chesville were potential residents, and a small committee of citizens would arrange to call on their new neighbors within a week after their arrival. Joe always headed this committee. It was he who called on well, and made the "Meet Your Neighbor Club" a success.

This evening, Mr. Purdy got up and read off the new names.

"Mrs. Allie Bessemer took a room at the Elsworth's house; Mr. Bob Austin rented the old Mason house for two months; Mr. R. Smith bought the gatehouse beyond the Forty acres."

Joe felt vaguely uncomfortable. Smith was not a name that he could ever hear without feeling a slight tingling of fear. Absurd, after all this time, but—

"Do you have a first name on Mr. R. Smith, Al?" he asked.

"No, Joe," Mr. Purdy said. "Why?"

"Just wondered—used to know someone by the name of Smith." This brought a laugh from the meeting. Joe was always such a card.

He didn't go on the welcoming visits the following Sunday, pleading a cold. At the following meeting Mr. Purdy rose and announced the decision to back Joe Scanlon for Mayor of Chesville. The applause made Joe grin. This was a step in the right direction. At thirty, to be Mayor of a well known town in New York state had to qualify.

"And now the report of the visiting committee," said Mr. Allison.

"Mrs. Bessemer is almost cured and has promised to take on some of the Red Cross work here in town. Very nice lady, full of good ideas. Mr. Austin is only a temporary resident and seems too weak to be much interested but has promised to come to a meeting next week. Mr. R. Smith doesn't offer much either in the way of cooperation. He's up in years, very deaf, and seems to be homesick for the East coast where his home is."

Joe felt his fingers tattooing over the arm of the chair. It wouldn't do now to ask too many questions about this Smith man, but undoubtedly it was Blaine Smith. The hatred of years welled up in Joe. Smith here in Chesville all the way from Washington State—and it would

ay he hung before he would find out about Joe Rooins for Mayor and do his work.

Joe left the meeting as soon as it was over and spent the next very weeks devising a method for disposing Elaine Smith. He went back over telephone made to Smith at the first meeting and in his guilt and fear, believed that his name question about Smith's first name might be questioned after Smith was discovered dead. Therefore, he couldn't go to the house where Smith lived alone (as he first planned) and report that he had found him a suicide. The scary loophole in that one if people got to thinking.

Finally, he settled on a reasonable course of action. He would leave his room in the inn for a walk. There was nothing suspicious in that, for he often walked alone late at night. There wasn't anything else to do in this kick place, and he was grateful to think that he had started these nightly excursions many months before. Indeed knowing they this would prove a perfect alibi. The actual doing away with Smith should be easy. If he was old and weak as reported, Joe's bare hands would do the job very deftly. The verdict would be that some strong weakling from the house was passing crickes, and killed the old man. Very sorry, Joe thought.

The clock struck eleven and Sandon started the twenty walk to the outskirts of the town where Smith lived. It was cold out, and the moon disappeared under a cloud. Sandon was too wrapped in his thoughts to notice the cloudy darkness. He kept on walking until he reached the outskirts, dimly outlined in the night.

The rest was easier than he could have dreamed. He used a window for entry and found the old man asleep on a bed in the first floor. A brief struggle, and the thing was over. He had used no light, since the place was so small that he really found Smith by the sound of his breathing. Everything was in order. Leaving the bed, he groped his way into another room. There might be papers, letters of some sort which would be better destroyed. There was a big roll-top desk in the back room. The darkness was intense. All the shades were drawn and he could hardly see where he was going. Lighting a match this time, he made a thorough search but found nothing. A few pennies, blank, a few advertisements, a letter from a charitable organization addressed to Mr. E. Smith asking for a contribution, and a doctor's prescription. Satisfied now that Smith had left all his important papers out West, Joe felt annoyed at himself for having taken this much time, nearly an hour he realized, to look for something that probably had long since been destroyed.

The perfect crime had been accomplished, and he carefully wiped the desk free of possible fingerprints, made his way to the window through which he had entered, and raised the shade to get out. As he looked out into the night, he gasped in horror. Those clouds he had barely missed . . . the dampness in the air . . . During the time he had been in the house the clouds had let go a thorough and efficient snow and sleet storm. The whole area around was covered with a half inch of white powder, well measured down by a film of sleet. Gingerly he moved a step on the frozen crust. His foot was nearly numbed. The sky had cleared now and it was turning colder by the minute, but, he realized, it would never be cold enough to freeze the stuff enough to support him all the way back to town. He began to sob in anger and defeat. There was nothing to be done. He couldn't stay there, there was no escape. Granville had no snow plough operation until the morning after a storm, so the streets would be this way right up to the inn.

He decided to lounge a bit and walked quickly back to town, got to his room, and set up the rest of the night. If the weather would change to rain, it is would only mean all over again. But the snow continued to shine so brilliantly through the long night and the morning was clear and cold.

At seven o'clock Joe answered the peremptory knock at his door. The county sheriff was there with Mr. Purdy of the "Meet Your Neighbors" committee.

"We're sorry to bother you at this time, Sandon," said the sheriff, "but Mr. Purdy here promised to deliver some medicine to Mr. Bertram Smith's home this morning and . . ."

"Bertram Smith!" Joe whispered. Then he began to shake violently. The bewildered sheriff and Purdy accompanied him to the hotel restaurant where he lessened confusion of the moment.

Mr. Purdy used to tell that story for months afterwards. He always ended it by saying: "And, you know, there were those very strange things about that whole Sandon case. First of all, of course, Sandon had become so positive in his determination that a B. Smith could be none other than Blaine Smith, that he killed the wrong man. Secondly, the only record we and the sheriff stopped by was to borrow Joe's car because mine was out of commission, and thirdly, we had right perfect weather that month because that morning right after arrest when we were to pay Joe, darned if it didn't come down rain out of what passed to be the clear sky, and in one half hour, the time it would've taken us to get to Thetford for the medicine and back, there wasn't a trace of snow, or footprints, or anything whatever that would have led to Sandon."


Bazooka
THE ATOM BUBBLE BOY
BY RANGER RIBECUP
FLASH! THE FIRE IN SARGENT FOREST HAS COMPLETELY CUT OFF THREE HOBO'S DANGEROUS! THE MEN ARE TRAPPED!
SOUNDS LIKE A JOB FOR ME! LUCKY THING THAT DAD HAS A WHOLE DYNAMITE IN THE GARAGE!
WITH FOR A GIANT BUBBLE FROM MY BAZOOKA BUBBLE GUN... ONLY THE MAGIC POWER - BAZOOKA, BAZOOKA, MAKE ME A BUBBLE! - AND PLEASE ME TO WHERE MY GOOD FRIENDS ARE IN TROUBLE!
NOW THE MAGIC WORD TO GO DOWN! ANDORAS! ANDORAS!
HOORAY! LEAVE BAZOOKA TO ROUGH HIS COME!
I'M GLAD THAT BAZOOKA ATOM BUBBLE GUN MAKES THOSE GIANT BUBBLES!
I'VE CLEARED A PATH FOR US - LET'S GO!
NEW BIGGER BUBBLES BETTER BUBBLES
HEY KIDS! HERE'S A REAL HOOKER! WORTH! 6 BIG CHEWS FOR 5¢! COMICS IN EVERY PACKAGE!!
SAVE WRAPPERS! VALUABLE PREMIUMS!
BAZOOKA
6 BIG CHEWS 5¢

The SECRET THAT SAVED the SANDLOT

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" SPORTS STORY

BOY COMMANDOS

A TWIST OF THE TELEVISION DIAL AND YOU ARE TUNED IN ON THE EYE — GANG-LAND'S NEW MASTER OF MORBID CRIMES! BUT DON'T EXPECT ALL FUN ON THIS PROGRAM, FOR YOU WILL FIND GRIM AND INTRIGUE AS THE DEADLY BRAIN OF THE UNTOUCHABLE ATTEMPTS THE LAW AND THE BOY COMMANDOS WHEN HE LAUNCHES HIS AMAZING...

"CRIMES BY TELEVISION!"


THE CLOCK STRIKES MIDNIGHT....AND A BANK GUARD PAUSES TO TUNE IN ON A RADIO THRILLER....
AND NOW, MYSTERY LISTENERS... YOUR FAVORITE CRIME PROGRAM! DANGEROUS DAN!
BOY! I HEAR DAN EVERY NIGHT!
AND EXACTLY AT THAT TIME, FIGURES LOOK AT THE BACK DOOR BEHIND THE BANK....
TEN PAST TWELVE! THE GUARD SHOULD BE LISTENING TO DANGEROUS DAN IN THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE. LETS GO!
AN' WE WON'T NEED OUR BLOW TORCH NO MORE, EH?
QUICKLY AND EXPERTLY THE VAULT DOOR IS OPENED....
NOTHING LIKE KNOWING THE COMBINATION IN ADVANCE! GRAB THE BAND AND LETS SCRAM WHILE THE RADIO'S STILL BLARIN'!
EXACTLY THREE FIGURES ADVANCE DOWN A CORRIDOR TOWARD A HIDE BANK....
BLAM! BLAM!
IT'S DANGEROUS DAN! HE'S GOT US!
WITH THAT NOISY BACKGROUND, NO ONE'LL HEAR US!
ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING....
YOU AND YOUR COWARDLY GANG HAVE SEEN THE EMPTY SAFE. CARTER! HOW COME INTO MY OFFICE...
AS PRESIDENT OF THE BANK, CARTER, I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO KNEW THE COMBINATION TO THAT VAULT! THAT IS, I THOUGHT I WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO KNEW IT!


I SEE! YOU ALONE KNEW THE COMBINATION! YET SOMEONE ELSE OPENED THE VAULT LAST NIGHT!
BUT HOW, CARTER! HOW COULD ANYONE ELSE POSSIBLY KNOW HOW TO OPEN IT?


MORE ENIGMATIC QUESTIONS ARE SOON TO BAFFLE BOB'S COMMANDOS, FOR ON THE NEXT NIGHT, AT A MUSEUM...
THE VALUABLE CELLINI VASE! BROUGHT FROM EUROPE IN UTMOST SECRECY! NO ONE EXCEPT US KNOWS ABOUT IT!


BUT THEN...
YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS ABOUT DAT JAR, BOY! WE KNOW OR AGAINS ALSO! AN' WE'RE TAKIN' IT!
WHAT?


COLT STEEL MOVES DOWN THE MUSEUM GUARD AND TRIES TO STOP THE RUTHLESS CRIMINALS...
IN, DOCLUNT A BEEN BORN YET! A VERY FINEEK, DAY!
UFFAH...


OKAY, BOY! WRAP UP DA JAR! MMM... I HEAR IT'S WORTH BIG BUCKS!
YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!


THE NEXT DAY...
CAPT. CARTER—THE THING IS FANTASTIC! NO ONE KNEW OF THAT VASE BEING SHIPPED HERE -- AND YET...
I KNOW! AND YET SOMEONE WALKED IN AND STOLE THE VASE! SOMEHOW YOUR SECRET GOT OUT! BUT HOW?

JUST NOW, DO THE MYSTERIOUS CRIMINALS LEARN SECRETS THAT MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR THEM TO PULL DARING CRIMES UNTOUCHED BY THE POLICE? AT THIS MOMENT, IF SGT. CARTER COULD BUT WATCH A SCENE THAT OCCURS IN A HIDDEN LABORATORY BELONGING TO A SINISTER SCIENTIST CALLED THE EYE...


ENOUGH OF THE BANK! NOW LET'S TURN ON THE DEPARTMENT STORE MACHINE! SHOW THE SAME DEMO!


ANYBODY CAN ATTEND THESE SHOWS AND SEE THE DISPLAYS OF JEWELS! BUT... WHO ELSE CAN SEE WHAT GOING AFTER THE SHOW'T NOW WHAT HAPPENS NEXT...


THE MANAGER HAS COLLECTED THE JEWELS FROM THE HOTELS... AND NOW HE'S GOING THEM BUT WITH OUR TELEVISION DO WE GET TO BRING PLACE!


PETE AND JOE CAN HANDLE THE VAULT JOBS WHILE DRUMMER TAKES CARE OF THE FASHION JEWELS! NOW...


...I'LL NEED ANOTHER TELEVISION CAMERA PUT IN THE 2ND FEDERAL BANK! REPORT BACK LATER AND I'LL GIVE YOU THE PLANS FOR GETTING IT THERE! THE COPS WILL NEVER GET WISE TO US!
ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING A MAN WALKS INTO THE 2ND FEDERAL BANK...
THE EYE GUY HAS STRANGE WAYS OF PLANTING THESE TELEVISION CAMERAS! BUT YOU ALWAYS RIGHT! WELL, HERE'S MY CHANCE!


NO ONE OBSERVES A STRANGE COPPER-PRONGED CONTRAPTION ON THE MAN'S SAFE!
GOOD! I SHORT-CIRCUITED THE ELECTRIC SYSTEM!
SPRT
AFTERWARDS...
YOU'RE THE ELECTRICIANS, EH? THIS NIGHT WE HAVE A SHORT SOMEWHERE THAT PUT OUR LIGHTS OUT OF COMMISSION!
DON'T WORRY! WE'LL FIX YA UP!
LATER THAT DAY THE COMMANDOS ARE CALLED TO THE BANK'S VAULT ROOM...
HMM--SO THESE ARE THE VAN MORGAN JEWELS!
YES AND WHAT WITH ALL THOSE RECENT ROBBERIES WE CAN'T TAKE CHANCES! WE'RE ASKING YOU AND YOUR BOYS TO STAND ALWAYS ARMED!
NOT WHEN THE TWO "ELECTRICIANS" ARE ALONE...
OKAY! NOW SET UP THE EYE-CAMERA FIXED IN PLACE!
LIKE THE EYE SAID--IT HAS TO BE POINTED AT THE VAULTS!
WHILE FROM HIS LAB, MANDY BLOCKS AWAY, THE EYE WATCHES ALL...
HA! HA! ROLL OUT THE AIR-PLANE BOYS! WE'VE GOT A JOB TO DO TO-NIGHT! HAHAH... I THINK, WE CAN OUTSMART THE COMMANDOS!
HE ASK US TO USE OUR GUNS, BUT WE AIN'T USED A GUN SINCE DA WAR!
I KNOW! THAT'S WHY I'M INSERTING BLANKS! WE'LL USE THE GUN JUST AS A BLUFF!


THE HOUSE PASS THEM...
LACKS PLENTY! SOMEONE COMES!
JUMPIN' GILA MONSTERS! LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE!
CRASH!
CRASH!
DON'T MOVE, COMMANDER!
YEAH, WE'RE OPENIN' THIS VAULT!
FAR TO ONE SIDE BROOKLYN PICKS UP THE REVOLVER -- LOADED WITH BLANKS!...
DEY AIN'T WATCHIN' ME SO CLOSE! MEBBE I CAN GET DA DRAW ON 'EM AN' BLOW 'EM!
DRAW, BUNS! STICK 'EM UP! I'VE GOT YOU COVERED!
HO, HO, HO! NOW AIN'T THE LITTLE TOUGH BRAT SCARIN' SOMEONE WITH THE BIG HEATER!
I'M WARNIN' YA, PETE -- STAY BACK! STAY BACK OR I'LL SHOOT!
YEE, WARNIN' ME! HAW! HAW! HAW! TAKE THAT, YA BRATTY KID!
DAT'S A BOY, PETE! HO HO!
WHUD-IS-IT!
MEANWHILE, TEX SEES HIS CHANCE. HE WHIPS OUT A SAGGY LAMPIT...
THEY'RE CONCRETE DOME TOOK THEIR EYES OFFA ME! THAT'S TOO BAD!
HEY! LOOK OUT!


ALL RIGHT, FELLOWS! NOW IT'S OUR TURN!
Whizzz
COME, BOYS! LET'S LAM OUTA HERE!
HOPE LOUIE'S GOT DIT PLANE READY!
BANG!
BANG!
LOOK! THEY'RE ESCAPING ON A ROPE LADDER DROPPED BY A COPTER!
I KNOW DAT THUG CALLED PETE, BUT HES A YELLOW RAT -- YET HE CAME ROUGHT AT ME WHEN I HAD DA ROD ON DAM! WHY?
HMMM -- IT'S ALMOST AS IF HE KNEW THE GUN WAS LOADED WITH BLANKS! ... THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!
BOP SUDDENLY TURNS AND RACES BACK TO THE BANK...
WHY WE GOTTA DIVER, BVKY BACK AT DIS HERE WALL, BOP, POONER?
IF THERE'S A DICTA-PHONE PLANTED HERE, PETE, BOUND AND ASKARD WE SAY! KAS PUTTING BLANKS IN THE GUN!
8


GREAT SCOTT! A HIDDEN TELEVISION CAMERA! NO WONDER PETE WAS SO "BRAVE"! HE SAW HIS LOOT THOSE BLANKS!
TELEVISION CAMERA? BUT...?
I THINK IF WE CHECK ON OTHER PLACES THAT HAVE BEEN ROBBED, WE'LL FIND SIMILAR CAMERAS! BUT, MEANWHILE, WE'RE GOING TO LET THE VILLAIN WALK INTO A TRAP!


ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING THE EYE SEES AN IMPORTANT NEWS ITEM...
WE DON'T HAVE TO ASK FOR JOBS, BOYS! THEY'RE HANDED TO US IN THE PAPERS! ALL WE SEE THIS ONE?


GOLD CUSSED! IT'S TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE! MAYBE IT'S A TRAP! BUT I'LL SOON FIND OUT!


I'LL TUNE IN AT THE DOCK AND MAKE SURE ABOUT THE GOLD! LOOK! THEY ARE LOADING THE GOLD! GENERAL MINE ROCK!


AND ON THE SUB...
AND YOU THINK THE MAN BEHIND THE TELEVISION CRIMES WILL TRY TO INTERCEPT US AT SEA, CARTER?
I'M CERTAIN OF IT! THIS JOB IS TOO BIG FOR HIM TO MISS!


ELEVATED LATER, THE SUB'S POWERFUL MOTORS SPIN INTO ACTION, AND THE SLEEK CRAFT GLIDES OUT TO SEA, THEN SUBMERGES...
WHERE SHALL WE GO? LIKE OUR FISHES!
THIS IS SUCH FUN, POTNAM!


"FUN?" NOT QUITE... FOR AT THAT MOMENT...
ACCORDING TO THE NEWSPAPER STORY, THE SUB SHOULD BE MEETIN' THE LINER JUST ABOUT HERE!
AN' WE'RE GETTIN' BOTH... AN' GET THE GOLD, TOO!


YEAH... AN' THE BOSS WANTS TO SEE THIS WHOLE JOB GO OFF! THAT'S WHY WE PUT TELEVISION CAMERAS ABOARD!
CARTER! A STRANGE LAUNCH APPROACHES! SHIP'S ARMED!
MUST BE OUR TIME, CAPT! ORDER THE TORPEDO TUBES OPEN! THE BOYS AND I ARE GOING UP!
WHILE BELOW IN THE SUB...


TORPEDO TUBES OPEN, SIR!
FIRE!
GOOD LUCK, CARTER!
THE TORPEDO TUBES... USED FOR SAVING MEN'S LIVES BY SHOOTING THEM TO THE SURFACE FROM TRAPPED SUBS... PROVE THEIR HUMAN MISSILES...


THE SUB WILL EMERGE LATER -- AFTER WE'VE BOARDED THE LAUNCH! OTHERWISE IT WOULD COME HERE ON!


THEN...
I'LL GUESS SO!
YEAH -- LIKE A COUPLE O' VOYAGERS! HAW HAW!


PETE! LOOK! JOE! LOOKIT ON STRANGE GUYS THAT CRAWLED ABOARD!
BRAMM BRAMM


IN THE ENSUING FIGHT, A RICOCHETING BULLET STRIKES ONE OF THE CAMERAS.
IT'S THEM COMMUNISTS! GET 'EM!
BAM!


UP TO THIS POINT, THE EYES CAMERAS HAVE BEEN TRANSMITTED ON A PRIVATE TELEVISION CHANNEL. BUT THE STRAY BULLET AFFECTS THE WAVELENGTH AND BEAMS ITS PICTURES TO A PUBLIC CHANNEL... AND...
BOY, POOP KEEPS THE FIGHT NOW!
...AND IN THIS CORNER!--


THUS, WHEN A PRIZE FIGHT IS ABOUT TO BE TELEVISED, THIS HAPPENS...
HEY! SOMETHING HAPPENED TO THE SET! THAT LOOKS LIKE BADDONLYN OF THE COMMUNISTS!


THEN AN UNTAMED FIGHT IS SEEN... A FIGHT RAGES AT SEA!...
LOOK! RIP THAT CANCER OUT OF!!
COME ON, BROOKLYN! GET THE!


IN LOBBIES OF THEATRES PEOPLE PAUSE TO WATCH...
THE PRIZE FIGHT WAS SCHEDULED... BUT THIS IS BETTER!


WELL, COME ALONG— GIVE AND TAKE OVER CARTER!
WE'VE GOT everybody BUT THE BIG BOSS! RADIO THE SHORE POLICE AND HAVE THEM PICK HIM UP!


ASHORE, AFTER THE EYE HAS BEEN APPREHENDED
YOUR OWN DEVICE TRAPPED YOU! WHEN YOU TELEPHONED THE GOLD BULLION AT THE DOCK, IT WAS ACTUALLY THERE! (BAD BARS YOU SAY!)
WHAT?


THAT'S RIGHT! TELEVISION DOESN'T PICK UP COLOR! SO YELLOW GOLD LOOKS JUST LIKE LEAD! DIDN'T THINK WE'D SET A TRAP LIKE THAT AND USE REAL GOLD FOR BAIT, DID YOU?

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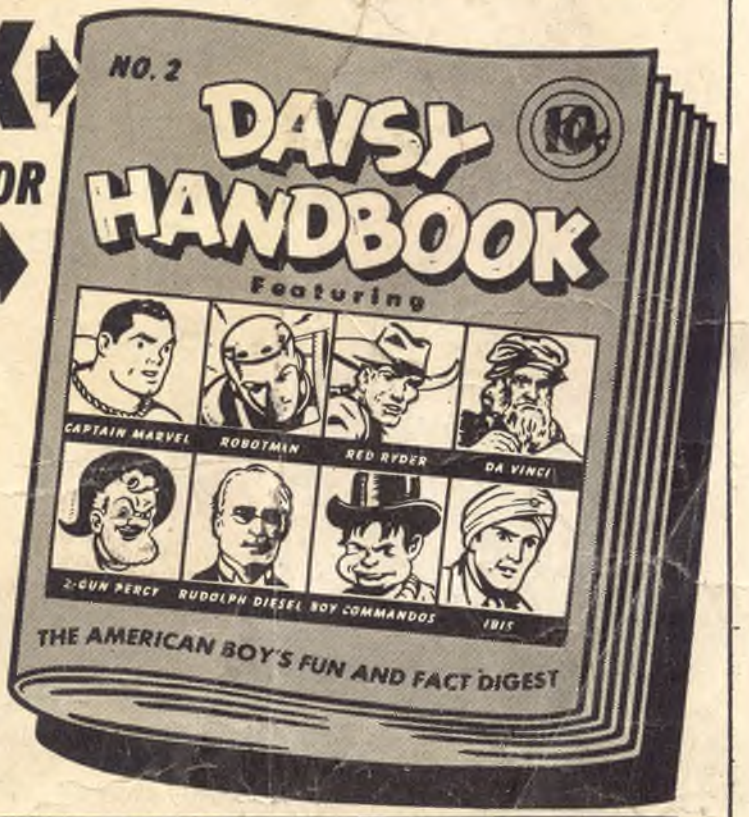

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HOW TO SIGNAL A CAR FOR HELP AT NIGHT

● It's midnight. It's an emergency. How to "flag down" a passing motorist? Your flashlight is your best bet. Swing your flashlight *across the road* . . . with the beam down! But . . . better be sure it's powered with "Eveready" batteries . . . powerful, dependable, they outlast all other brands!*

KEEP YOUR LIGHT MOVING, says the AAA. Standing about *50 feet to the rear of your car,* wave the flashlight *across the road* . . with the *beam down! DON'T* throw the beam into the eyes of the oncoming motorist! A light in a driver's eyes can cause a serious accident!

KEEP A "DANGER SIGNAL" HANDY! Red means "danger." So here's what you can do to turn a flashlight into a danger signal. Roll a sheet of red cellophane around head of light. Hold it in place with a rubber band. Twist ends of cellophane to resemble a flare. Keep an "Eveready" flashlight handy in your car.

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